A God’s Love

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One eventful day leads to another.

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Table of Contents

A God’s Love
Chapter 1

Landmarks

Cover

Chapter 1

The artificial stormy tempest that Zekrom had crafted to serve as his realm would surely intimidate most other mortal Pokémon, but Antares was not a boring, normal mortal.

No, he most certainly was not normal. After all, how many mortals could claim to have not only killed a god, but also have been claimed by another as their Champion, and have yet another god as their romantic partner? Well, actually, Antares *could* think of at least one other mortal whom was a god's Champion… that same mortal also happened to be his other romantic partner, so he supposed it all balanced out… or came full circle, whatever the saying was.

Currently, Antares was laying flat on his back, sprawled out on the floor, nearly dozing off as he awaited Zekrom's return from… whatever divine duties he had today.

The realm had some… unique qualities to it. Perhaps most noticeable was its distinct lack of layout. Most of the other deities' realms he'd seen had some kind of sense of space to them, to say nothing of the realm of the literal god of space. Zygarde's realm, for example, was a horribly confusing and frustrating labyrinthine cave system that had made Antares bump into stalagmites more times than he cared to admit. Zekrom's realm, however, was nothing more than what Antares could only presume the inside of a cloud looked like-- well, a storm cloud, specifically. The grey, almost gloomy, rolling clouds smothered the entire realm, from floor to ceiling, wall to wall. Occasional flashes of lightning— and the subsequent rumbling of thunder— punctuated the otherwise complete silence.

It was very Zekrom, indeed. And Antares loved it. Most others likely wouldn't think the headstrong and aggressively optimistic god of ideals and thunder— also warfare, though Zekrom preferred not to associate with that— would take solace in such a gloomy atmosphere, though Antares knew the god well enough to know that Zekrom figured this to be a necessary balancing act.

The other remarkable quality about the realm was the floor. Antares wasn't sure what, but Zekrom had done something so that the floor of his realm was… malleable, in a way, allowing for anything to phase through as if it simply didn't exist. This was how Antares was laying down currently, for normally his dorsal fin would be getting in the way and forcing him to sit up. Instead, thanks to the floor, his fin simply phased through, and he was able to comfortably rest.

He'd barely begun to drift off into a light sleep when a bolt of blue lightning struck the floor, and Zekrom appeared instantly. Antares let out a most undignified yelp at the startle he'd received; it was difficult to predict anything when one was asleep, after all.

He got to his feet and growled good-naturedly. "How dare you startle me! Surely you intend to have me die of fright, you scoundrel!"

Zekrom grinned sheepishly. "Ah, I did not intend to scare you. I apologize for that." He walked over to Antares and scooped him up, holding the smaller dragon so that they were at eye-level with each other. His smile turned smug as he growled softly, "I shall not apologize for my guaranteed victory in a mere matter of minutes."

Antares gasped in feigned offense. "I'll have you know that your victory is not guaranteed! I've bested you numerous times before!" Of course, that was what he was here for in the first place; sparring with Zekrom was one of his favorite activities, if only because it allowed for two things at once: spending time with one of his partners, and also honing his fighting skills.

Zekrom hummed thoughtfully. "Perhaps, then, we shall simply have to see who the victor is." He leaned in, so that his mouth brushed Antares' when he spoke. "For now, though…" He closed the miniscule gap between them with a soft, gentle kiss. Despite the two of them being dragons, and thus not having traditional lips, they managed to make kissing work… somehow.

Antares looped his arms around Zekrom's neck, and simply enjoyed this moment. Of course, he knew his quite-literally-divine partner was *very* physically affectionate, often forgoing verbal affirmations or gifts— Zekrom *hated* the concept of gifting, though Antares wasn't sure why— for the more physical side of affection: hugs, cuddles,

and kisses— for the former two, Zekrom had to shift into his mortal form for it to be comfortable for the both of them.

The kiss lasted for a few seconds more before Zekrom broke away, a deep, content growl rising from his throat.

“I’d been awaiting that all day…” He chuckled lightly before pausing for a moment. “To the matter at hand, though… are you prepared for our sparring session?”

Antares flashed a devilishly smug grin. “Hah! As if you need to ask!”

Zekrom smiled fondly. “I suspected you’d say that. Very well.” He set Antares down and walked over to the other side of the realm, then quickly shifted into his mortal form— an Ampharos.

While that was happening, Antares had strode to the other side of the realm, and waited for the signal.

He hardly needed to wait more than a second before a massive bolt of lighting struck the center of the realm— that, of course, was the signal.

The two rushed at each other. Antares was faster, and leapt at Zekrom, but was forced to roll upon impact with the ground when Zekrom had slid under the initial attack.

Antares whipped around just in time to get an electricity-laced fist to the face. He was sent stumbling back, and received several follow-up punches to the gut to punish his inability to defend himself.

He managed to block one of Zekrom’s punches with one of his fins, and used the split-second impact to respond in kind, using his free arm to deck Zekrom in the face, the force of which sent the god back a few inches.

Antares quickly advanced, but found that Zekrom had already gotten up, and—

Multiple bolts of electricity lashed out towards Antares and grabbed him, sending him flying forwards as though he’d been caught in a hurricane; his unwilling flight was quickly— and painfully— stopped

when Zekrom brought his knee up and struck Antares' gut.

Antares was sent flying from that, and landed harshly on his side. He wheezed in pain, and struggled to get up. *That* was new.

A shadow loomed over him; Zekrom, staring down at Antares.

The god growled three words: "Do you yield?"

Antares, panting and clutching his stomach— it felt as though it had been trampled by a herd of Tauros— looked to the side before reluctantly saying, "I yield."

Zekrom smiled and shifted back into his divine form. He gently lifted Antares so that he was back on his feet. "I hope you enjoyed that— admittedly, it's been many millennia since I've experienced combat with any of my divine kin, so you'll excuse me if I occasionally use too much force against you."

Antares snorted. "Not to worry, I've been through worse." He looked the god in the eyes and beamed. "Thank you, Zekrom. I do thoroughly enjoy these sparring sessions."

A light golden blush spread over Zekrom's face before he chuckled and responded, "Of course you do. I should be the one thanking you for agreeing to this in the first place, though."

Antares waved a claw dismissively. "I'd have no reason *not* to agree to such activities! If you've somehow forgotten, sparring is what made us forge such a deep bond at all!"

"Ah, well, that is correct, isn't it?" Zekrom hummed softly, before pausing. "Oh— I'd almost forgotten… I suppose I should drop you off in the mortal world now? I think you had something planned with your other partner…"

Antares blinked. "You're quite right! I can't believe *I'd* almost forgotten entirely! If it's not too much trouble, you could just drop me anywhere, really. I'll find my way to him eventually."

Zekrom nodded. "Of course." He grabbed Antares' claw, and teleported to the mortal world. He didn't exactly know where they'd

ended up, but he trusted Antares enough to stay out of trouble.

Once the two of them had said their goodbyes, Zekrom went back to his own realm, and— since he had literally nothing else to do— went to sleep.

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Not even an hour later, Zekrom would be rudely awakened by someone entering his realm.

“Uh, hey… Wh— *Hey!* Why the hell are you *asleep?!* I think your boyfriend’s in trouble, dude!”

Zekrom’s eyes snapped open, and he instantly got up. He glared at the visitor— Palkia. Of course.

He stomped over to Palkia and growled, “What. Happened.”

Palkia gulped nervously. Despite Zekrom being shorter than he was — *holy crap* was he terrifying. “Uh, well— I mean, I was just kinda chilling out in the mortal world, y’know, like I tend to do, and, uh, I saw this group of mortals beating the shit out of this other mortal, and I looked closer, and I was like, ‘Oh, crap, I think that’s Zekrom’s boyfriend!’ So, uh, yeah.”

Zekrom snarled. “And you didn’t even *think* to help him?”

“W-Well, no—”

“ *Idiot!* “ Zekrom roared, and punched Palkia in the gut, which made the larger god double over, grunting in pain.

“Ow! What the hell, dude?!”

Zekrom stomped on Palkia’s foot for good measure, earning a pained yelp from the god of space.

“You are going to take me to him. *Now.* ”

Palkia couldn’t really argue with that— not while he just got his shit rocked. He nodded quickly and teleported the two of them away to

where he'd last seen that Garchomp.

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They arrived at what would have normally been an idyllic landscape; plentiful trees, a slight breeze, not a cloud in the sky.

Zekrom didn't give a shit about any of that, though. He was only here to save his boyfriend.

Indeed, he was there, unconscious, surrounded by a group of various other Pokémon.

Zekrom— in his mortal form— turned to Palkia— who was also in one of his many mortal forms, right now a Dragonite— and hissed, "You're on good terms with some other gods. As soon as I'm done with these mortals, you're going to summon one *immediately* . Understood?"

Palkia gave a nervous thumbs-up. "…Yep, gotcha, chief."

Zekrom nodded. "Good. Now then…" He set his sights on the foolish mortals who would never again see the light of day.

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Zekrom, now drenched in mortal blood, and with several dead mortals underneath him, glared at Palkia. "Well? Is anyone coming to help?"

Palkia scoffed. "You gotta give 'em some time, man. Not everyone's like you and has shit-all to do, y'know? Oh— wait, hold on, someone's on their way."

A few more seconds passed before there was a flash of light, and a small green creature appeared from behind a tree. It was Shaymin, god— or goddess, depending on the day— of hospitality and healing.

"Hello, Palkia. You called?"

Palkia smiled. "Sure did! Nice to see you, by the way, heh, been a

while. Uh, anyways, we've kinda got a situation here, and—"

Shaymin glanced over and recoiled. "Oh—! Um… surely you don't expect me to…?"

"Huh? Oh, no, no! That Garchomp over there, he just got knocked out, and Zekrom over here wanted to make sure he'd be okay."

Shaymin nodded weakly. "I see. Well, erm, I'm going to need to assess the Garchomp's health, if that's alright with you, Zekrom?"

Zekrom, who had admittedly zoned out a little bit, snapped to attention and nodded. "You have my permission. Do what you must." He stepped away and shifted back to his divine form, instantly ridding himself of the blood that had covered him.

Shaymin's assessment was about as normal as it could get; first checking for a pulse, then various other things that Zekrom couldn't even begin to understand.

What Zekrom didn't expect was for multiple small vines to grow out of the fur atop Shaymin's back. He supposed it was just another part of the assessment, but he soon noticed that one of the vines was drifting dangerously close to *a certain area* .

Zekrom's jaw clenched, and he glared at the vine, as if he could scare it away from *there* .

Thankfully, Shaymin noticed this, and quickly took the vine away, with a whispered apology to the unconscious Antares.

Palkia—who had shifted back to his divine form— noticed Zekrom's glare, and smirked. "You jealous?"

Zekrom's eyes widened, and a deep golden blush spread over his face, even as he whipped around to glare at Palkia. "Wh—! No! Why would I possibly be jealous of a *plant* ?"

Palkia giggled. "C'mon man, it's so obvious. Hey, no judgment here, though! I mean, I can't say I've ever thought about that kind of stuff,

but…" He shrugged. "Like I said, no judgment."

Zekrom grunted angrily. "Whatever. You're lucky I don't feel like punching you right now."

Palkia laughed nervously. "I mean, yeah, but you're probably going t —" He yelped as Zekrom punched his arm. "Ow, okay, I had a feeling you were going to."

Zekrom said nothing, but waited somewhat impatiently for Shaymin to be done with the assessment.

Thankfully, it didn't take much longer; after about a minute, the vines receded back into the fur, and Shaymin walked up to Zekrom.

"Well, good news: he's going to be alright. It might be about a day or two before he wakes up, though."

Zekrom nodded. "Understood. Thank you." He went over to Antares, and delicately picked him up.

He glanced back at Palkia. "I suppose I should thank you too, for bringing the situation to my attention."

Palkia waved a hand dismissively. "Yeah, no problem. Next time, maybe go easy on the punches though? That shit hurt, for real."

Zekrom simply smirked before he teleported back to his realm.

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One day later…

Zekrom had anxiously waited for Antares to wake up, and so far, it hadn't happened.

The god refused to dare step outside his realm for even a second, meaning he'd been cooped up in almost complete isolation for about a full day at this point.

Well, he supposed it wasn't the *worst* period of isolation he'd been through.

Immediately after he'd initially arrived in his realm, he'd conjured a bed, so that he could let Antares rest comfortably. It even had the same malleable quality as the realm's floor did, for maximum comfort.

Currently, though, Zekrom sat at the foot of the bed, and stared at the floor. He could only hope that Antares would wake soon.

He turned his head to look at his unconscious boyfriend, but soon found his gaze drifting to—

No. It was wrong of Zekrom to be looking *there* , even if only subconsciously.

What was he even *thinking* , daring to do such a stupid thing?! And yet, an unfamiliar heat slowly spread its way not only to his face, but to his stomach…? No, lower than that, his—!

…Oh, no, this was *not* happening. He absolutely could *not* be feeling like this! It was wrong! Disrespectful, even!

He clenched his jaw and shut his eyes in a futile attempt to get rid of the heat that plagued him.

Oh, what would Antares think if he saw Zekrom in such a state—

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Antares awoke to— wait, why was he back in Zekrom's realm? Hadn't he just left— no, he'd been attacked by a group of Pokémon, and then… and then? He didn't know what had happened next; had he been unconscious?

Well, clearly he must have been, because otherwise why would he be back here so soon? Not that he was *complaining* , it was just a bit confusing.

He lifted his head slightly— only now properly registering that he was laying down on a *bed*— and saw Zekrom looking rather troubled.

"…Zekrom? Is something wrong?"

Zekrom's eyes snapped open, and he hesitated before glancing at Antares, then locking his eyes on the floor.

"…Ah, Antares. You're awake. I presume you're feeling well, then?"

Antares sat up and tilted his head in confusion. Zekrom was… acting odd. Had something happened?

"Yes, I'm feeling quite well, thank you." He paused, unsure of whether or not to pry on whatever issue was plaguing Zekrom. "…If I might ask again, is there something wrong? You seem—"

Zekrom's eyes widened, and he answered quickly— too quickly. "No! Nothing's wrong. Nothing at all."

Antares wasn't stupid; he wasn't about to believe that. Of course not. He shuffled over so that he was now sat next to Zekrom, who still refused to look at him. "…Zekrom. I can quite clearly tell that there is *something* wrong. I do hope that you're aware you can tell me about whatever's on your mind."

Zekrom closed his eyes. "…No. I can't. Not this. You'd… You wouldn't—"

Antares frowned. "I wouldn't what?" He put a claw on Zekrom's arm. "…Please, tell me what's going on."

Zekrom slowly opened his eyes, but *still* didn't even look at Antares. He hesitated for several seconds before speaking. "If I tell you the truth, will you promise to not be disgusted with me?"

Antares blinked once, twice. "Disgusted?" Despite the situation, he chuckled lightly. "Zekrom, unless you're about to inform me that you've committed countless heinous crimes, then there's absolutely nothing in this world that could ever make me feel *anything* negative towards you."

Zekrom took a few deep breaths before responding. "Very well. Recently, I… I've been feeling… *something* . It's only happened when I've looked at you, and now I know it's an overwhelming sense of—" He paused, taking another breath. "A sense of *lust* . I know it's wrong, and I shouldn't be feeling this way, because you once told

me that you have absolutely no desire for such things, but I— I don't know what to do. I can't rid myself of it, but I don't want to make you uncomfortable with me—"

"Zekrom—"

"—and I'm disgusted with *myself* because I'm experiencing these feelings—"

" *Zekrom—* "

"—and I want to apologize for—"

" *Zekrom!* " Antares *hated* having to yell at his boyfriend, but just this once it had to be done; he simply wasn't listening.

Zekrom went silent. He glanced at Antares, waiting for him to continue speaking.

Antares spoke quietly, "Zekrom… firstly, I apologize for yelling at you. Secondly, I… I must admit something. I… *have* been somewhat curious about such things, and…" He paused to swallow his nerves — he noticed his face heating up, and he suspected why that was— before continuing, "If… If it is going to be with *you,* Zekrom, then… then I am willing to try it."

Zekrom was stunned into silence for several seconds as a deep golden blush grew on his face.

Eventually, he found his voice, and murmured out, "Antares… are you— you want to…?"

Antares smiled softly. "Yes, Zekrom. I do."

Zekrom finally looked at Antares. "…You've never said my name so often…"

Antares chuckled. "Well, this is quite an important discussion we're having, isn't it? I figure it would only be appropriate."

Zekrom also chuckled. "That… I suppose that makes sense."

Antares sighed contently. “Indeed it does.” He looked at the rest of the bed, then back to Zekrom. “Well then, shall we…?”

Zekrom gazed at Antares for several seconds, before he nodded slowly. “I… I suppose we should.”

Antares moved until he was back where he’d been when he woke up, and watched as Zekrom crawled over to him.

The god stared down at Antares, unsure of what to do. He awkwardly cleared his throat and mumbled out, “…I must admit I’ve never done anything like this before, so I’m not entirely certain how to proceed…”

Antares blinked. “Oh? To be quite honest, I was under the assumption that you had experience with this, since… well, you’re a god, so I suppose I’d thought that—” He paused and forcibly derailed that train of thought, then let out a small giggle. “Nevermind, I’m rambling a bit there… anyways, that’s quite alright that you’re inexperienced. Obviously, the same goes for myself. So, I suppose we’ll simply figure this out together, won’t we?”

Zekrom hummed nervously. “Y-Yes, we’ll… figure things out as we go.”

It didn’t escape Antares’ notice that Zekrom was clearly very nervous about the situation. He would have to be blind to not see it. So, before the god could say anything else, Antares placed a claw against Zekrom’s mouth. “Zekrom. I can quite clearly see that you’re nervous, but I assure you, there is absolutely nothing for you to worry about.”

Zekrom hesitated for several seconds, before he nodded slightly. He gently grasped Antares’ claw and guided it away from his mouth. “You… You are correct.”

Antares allowed a soft yet smug smile to pass across his face. “Of course I am.”

He slid his claws behind Zekrom’s neck and gently nudged him, the god moving accordingly so that their bodies now pressed against

each other. A pleasantly warm wave made its way down Antares' spine at the sensation of Zekrom's muscular body pressing against his lithe frame.

Antares waited only a few seconds before bringing his mouth up to meet Zekrom's. The two kissed, and although it was gentle at first—

He jolted slightly when he felt Zekrom's tongue uneasily slip into his mouth.

It was… *different* , to say the least; he supposed he shouldn't have been too surprised by this, since this was the start of a natural escalation of events into… well, *intimacy* , but he *was* still caught a bit off-guard by it.

Antares adjusted eventually, though, and met the god's tongue with his own.

After a few painfully long seconds of uncertainty, Antares decided to make the first move, and he began running his tongue along Zekrom's.

The god shuddered slightly and let out a low groan, before he did the same to Antares, so that the two tongues were now rolling and sliding against each other.

Antares jolted again when he felt Zekrom's claws slowly make their way to his horns and start caressing them.

Antares involuntarily let out a moan as the sensation of his oh-so-sensitive horns being so gently touched overtook his entire mind.

Zekrom broke away from the kiss, and flashed a devilish smile before growling, "Mmm, it seems I've found a rather… *sensitive* spot, haven't I?"

Antares, still a bit dazed from the somewhat overwhelmingly intense kiss, lay panting for a few seconds before he could gather his senses enough to respond. "Yes, it would seem so…"

The god moved slightly so that when he next spoke, his warm breath tickled one of Antares' horns, making the Garchomp squirm a

bit. “Well then, shall we see just *how* sensitive these are…?”

Antares barely had time to process the implications of that question before he let out another loud moan as Zekrom began licking his horn.

As the god’s tongue traveled along Antares’ horn, the Garchomp could only squirm and moan in response.

There was a strange heat pooling between Antares’ legs, and when he risked glancing down, he could just *barely* see a horizontal slit beginning to open there.

He didn’t even have time to think about *that* before Zekrom did one final, agonizingly slow lick on Antares’ horn, then moved away, so that the two were face-to-face again.

Zekrom smirked and murmured, “Quite sensitive, wouldn’t you agree?”

Antares nodded slowly, still having to catch his breath from what he’d just experienced. “…Y-Yes, quite.”

Zekrom moved again, so that his mouth brushed against the side of Antares’ neck. His breath tickled the Garchomp’s gills as he quietly asked, “What about… these? Do you believe these would be just as sensitive?”

Antares shivered slightly. He… wasn’t entirely sure whether or not his gills would be as… *receptive* as his horns were, but he supposed it couldn’t hurt to find out. “I… I suppose we’ll have to find out.”

Zekrom hummed before experimentally flicking his tongue out to test Antares’ reaction to the stimulus.

The Garchomp flinched. It… wasn’t a very good sensation, unfortunately. “I’m afraid that wasn’t very pleasant.”

Zekrom hummed again as he moved to the center of Antares’ neck. “Well, perhaps *this* will be pleasant.”

The god’s tongue dragged across Antares’ neck, eliciting a

shuddering moan from the Garchomp.

Zekrom repeated this only a few more times before he suddenly moved lower, so that he was now staring directly at the scar on Antares' chest.

The god paused and tilted his head, before a sudden sharpness gleamed in his eyes. "Tell me, Antares: are you still nervous?"

Antares hesitated for only a moment. There would be no use in lying, not now. "…I must admit that I am quite nervous, yes."

Zekrom hummed yet again before answering, "As am I. However, my concerns are allayed. Lest you forget, I am the god of, amongst other things, ideals. To some, that may mean nothing more than morals, or unachievable goals. To *me,* it means *perfection* . So…" He paused to slowly drag his tongue across the scar, making Antares shudder. "I shall do all that is in my power to ensure that *this — all of this—* is *perfect* ."

The god began licking Antares' chest, earning more loud moans from the Garchomp.

Antares was completely stunned. What was currently happening was making his entire body— and *especially* that area in-between his legs— *very* warm, almost unbearably so. And… he wasn't entirely sure, but he thought that the slit between his legs had opened up *just* a bit wider.

He was so caught up in his musings that he scarcely noticed when Zekrom moved lower, passing his tongue along Antares' stomach.

He *was* , however, forcibly jolted out of his thoughts when he felt Zekrom's breath on the slit between his legs.

The god stared at it for a few seconds, before he placed his claws on Antares' outer thighs, and slowly passed his tongue over the area in-between Antares' legs, scarcely skimming the slit itself, leaving Antares shuddering and moaning in response.

Zekrom did this a few more times before he dipped his tongue into the slit, the sensation sending shockwaves through Antares' body.

The Garchomp let out several whimpering moans as Zekrom's tongue traveled along every inch of the slit, which was rapidly opening wider, until eventually—

Zekrom moved away slightly to avoid getting hit by the *two* cocks that suddenly emerged from the slit once it was fully open. The cocks— each going a different direction, similar to the letter 'V'— were a fleshy pink color, and tapered into pointed tips.

The god blinked a few times, chuckling lightly before growling, "I… didn't expect you to have two."

Antares hesitated before responding, "…Nor did I."

Zekrom paused and looked up at Antares, an incredulous smile quickly forming on his face. "You were unaware that you have…? Have you *never* seen these before?"

Antares ashamedly shook his head. "No, never."

"Not even when you… urinate?"

"I-I've always looked away."

Zekrom failed to hold back another chuckle. "You're quite the strange one, Antares..." He moved so that he could lick one of Antares' inner thighs, which made the Garchomp tremble. "Forgive me for the distraction… Shall we get back to what we were doing?"

Antares, grateful that Zekrom had dismissed that humiliating topic of conversation, nodded quickly— perhaps a bit *too* quickly. "Yes, we should."

Zekrom moved again, so that he was back to where he'd been: inches away from Antares' cocks.

The god smirked up at Antares before he placed his tongue at the very bottom of one of his cocks, and *slowly* traveled to the top, before taking the entire cock in his mouth.

As Zekrom was busy sliding his tongue along Antares' cock, one of the god's clawed hands moved towards the other cock, and gently

grasped it, before beginning to slowly move up-and-down the length.

Antares could only let out trembling moans— among other noises he never could have imagined himself making— in response to everything that was happening.

He couldn't believe any of this was even happening in the first place; even as recently as yesterday, he never would have thought that this— or anything close to it— would be anything he would experience within his lifetime.

So, to have it really be happening, *and* for it to be with one of the two Pokémon he loved most…

It was practically indescribable. There simply did not exist words that could sufficiently convey *exactly* what Antares was feeling— emotionally and mentally, of course— at this moment.

His meandering train of thought was forcibly derailed when he noticed a downright bizarre sensation in his gut: it felt as though there was a knot forming there, a building pressure that rapidly increased, until it was almost unbearable—

All of the tension left his body as he let out a long, low moan and his entire self was overtaken with intense shivers. He watched as a strange white fluid spurted out of one of his cocks, and he could *feel* the same thing happening with the cock that was currently in Zekrom's mouth.

Zekrom blinked a few times, before he smirked to himself and swallowed all of the fluid in his mouth. He then *slowly* took his mouth off of Antares' cock. The god glanced over to the other cock, which had a small trickle of fluid on it. He… didn't know where the rest had gone, but he supposed that was an issue for another time. Zekrom licked the fluid off of the cock, making Antares let out a whimpering moan.

Zekrom licked Antares' cock a few more times, just for good measure, before he grasped Antares' hips, and drew himself up, so that he was kneeling on the bed.

“Antares. Did you… enjoy that?”

Antares could only pant and nod, overwhelmed from everything that had just happened.

Zekrom smiled softly. “Good.” He went silent as his gaze roved over Antares’ body. Everything about it— about *him*— sent a tingling sensation down Zekrom’s spine, but now, in such an intimate context, it was all so *different* .

The god quickly glanced down, and saw that his own cock — unlike Antares, he only had one, and it was completely black, with a rounded tip— had come out of the vertical slit between his legs. He wasn’t surprised at all.

“…Z-Zekrom?”

Antares’ eyes had widened slightly at the sight of Zekrom’s… *large* , for lack of a better word, cock. It had taken a few tries for him to speak.

The god quickly met Antares’ gaze. “Yes?”

The Garchomp hesitated before meekly saying, “If I might ask… what are we going to do now…?”

Zekrom smirked. Oh, he had a *wonderful* idea of what they would do next. “You’ll see.”

“Wh-Wha—” Antares’ words were cut off with a yelp as the entire world somersaulted, and when his vision cleared up, he found himself sitting atop Zekrom’s chest, one leg on each side of the god’s body.

He took in the situation: Zekrom, smirking up at him, with his arms folded below his head, and his wings spread out, and… his *wonderfully* muscular body—

Antares gulped before he made eye contact with Zekrom.

Before he could say anything, Zekrom growled out, “What I did to you… you’re going to do to me.”

Antares understood immediately— though he was getting almost *unbearably* warm— and he nodded and leaned down to kiss Zekrom. He wasted no time in making the kiss as intense as it had been last time, their tongues rolling against each other.

As they kissed, Antares slid his claws around Zekrom's body, hoping to find a spot that was as sensitive as his own horns had been.

A sudden shudder underneath Antares signified that he *had* found such a spot, and he broke away from the kiss to see where it was.

His claws rested on the base of Zekrom's wings, just above his shoulders. Antares experimentally rubbed the sides of his claws against them, and Zekrom let out a pleased groan in response.

Antares' mind raced as he searched for *something* to say, he didn't just want there to be near-complete silence—

"You don't need to say anything."

Antares briefly stopped as he looked at Zekrom. Had… Had his mind just been read?

Zekrom chuckled. "So surprised… you act as if I don't know you well enough to know what you're thinking."

Antares tilted his head. "Well, oftentimes you're unaware of what I'm feeling—"

Zekrom snorted. "Thinking and *feeling* are two completely different things… I just happen to be more attuned to the former."

"…I see. My apologies for the distraction."

"Oh, not to worry." Zekrom wiggled slightly before flashing a devilish smile at Antares. "I'd be tempted to forgive you if you continue what you were doing before, though…"

Antares felt his entire body heat up again before he nodded and continued rubbing Zekrom's wing-bases, earning another pleased groan from the god.

He did this for about a minute longer before Zekrom held up a hand, signaling for him to stop.

“Alright, as much as I’d love nothing more than for this to go on all day long, that’s not feasible. So… how about you go a bit *lower* , hmm?”

Antares obeyed, and moved so that he was laying flat against Zekrom, his cocks squished against the god’s body. He began licking at Zekrom’s chest, making sure to reach as much of his body as he could.

He soon moved on to Zekrom’s stomach— having to awkwardly shuffle backwards thanks to his positioning— and licked every inch of it, savoring the way his body quivered underneath his tongue.

Antares shuffled slightly backwards, and his tail bumped against *something*— he suspected what exactly it was— so he paused, looking up at Zekrom for guidance.

The god sighed. “I suppose, from the way you’re positioned now, that wouldn’t be very comfortable. Allow me to fix that…”

The world spun out of control again, and when Antares could see once more, he was on his claws and knees, his face right in front of Zekrom’s cock.

Antares hesitated, and glanced up at the kneeling god, who only gave a small nod.

He opened his mouth and had to slowly take Zekrom’s cock in, until he had about half of it inside his mouth. Antares feared to go any farther than that, as he could feel it prodding at the back of his throat, and he didn’t want to choke.

He placed his claws on Zekrom’s cock— having to use both to even get halfway around it— and slowly stroked up-and-down whatever he couldn’t fit in his mouth.

Antares eventually started using his tongue, flicking and swirling it around the god’s cock.

He jolted slightly when he felt Zekrom's claws wrap around his horns and start caressing them.

After some time, Antares wondered whether he was doing something wrong— Zekrom hadn't let out even a single noise the entire time, and there weren't any physical reactions that he noticed. Perhaps he simply just wasn't good at—

All of his concerns were immediately proven wrong when Zekrom's grip on his horns grew slightly tighter, and the god began to tremble. A small wave of relief surged through Antares as Zekrom finally let out a low groan.

A bit more time passed before Zekrom groaned loudly, and he shuddered as his cock released a few spurts of fluid into Antares' mouth.

Antares froze, initially unsure what to do with the fluid, but decided to swallow it after a few seconds.

He took his mouth and claws off of Zekrom's cock, and he sat back on his knees, looking up at the god.

"…Did you enjoy that?"

Zekrom nodded. "Quite. You have my apologies if you thought otherwise."

Before Antares could say anything more, Zekrom grabbed him, and flipped him over so that Antares' face was squished against the bed, with his rear-end sticking up.

Antares couldn't see what Zekrom was doing, so he jolted and gasped when he suddenly felt his breath against his rear.

"I suspect you'll enjoy *this…* "

Zekrom's tongue slowly— *agonizingly* slowly— passed along Antares' rear, eliciting a shaky, high-pitched moan from the Garchomp.

The god repeated this a few more times before he grasped Antares'

hips, and slipped his tongue inside Antares' ass.

Antares yelped and trembled as Zekrom's tongue began to wriggle around within him.

One of Zekrom's hands drifted down to one of Antares' cocks, and began stroking it, making the Garchomp whimper loudly.

Antares squeezed his eyes shut and tried to stave off the rapidly approaching inevitability; the feeling of his stomach being pulled taut was already beginning to form. He didn't want this to be over so quickly, but all of these stimuli, everything that was happening was just *too much* —

His second… *whatever it was…* arrived all too soon, and all he could do was shudder and whine as his cocks spurted out more of the strange fluid.

Zekrom withdrew both his hand and tongue, and straightened up before flipping Antares over again. He lifted the Garchomp's legs up, until almost his entire lower half was off the bed, and perfectly angled towards Zekrom's cock.

Antares, still trying to recover as quickly as he could from all the overwhelming sensations, whimpered nervously. Would he really be able to have that inside of him…?

Zekrom hummed thoughtfully. "If it would ease your concerns, Antares, I could show you that it's not as large as you might be expecting."

Antares hesitated. He hadn't wanted to admit that he was still a bit nervous, even after everything that had already happened, but… "That… That would help, yes."

Zekrom hummed again and moved slightly so that his cock was now nestled in between Antares' own cocks.

"Look. Relatively speaking, it's not very large at all."

Antares was surprised to see that Zekrom's cock only extended to a few inches past the yellow-scaled portion of his stomach. Well, he

supposed now that he was seeing it like *this* , and not just on its own… yes, it was quite a change in perspective— literally and figuratively.

He sighed. "…Thank you, Zekrom. This does put me at ease."

Zekrom smiled softly and nodded. He paused briefly, before his smile turned devilish. "Hmm, one last thing…"

As soon as he'd finished speaking, he began slowly moving his hips back-and-forth, making his cock rub against both of Antares' cocks.

The friction of it made both dragons moan at the same time. Zekrom noticed this and playfully smirked, and Antares *also* noticed it, but chose to instead avert his gaze and cover his mouth with a claw in embarrassment.

"Really, *that's* what gets you embarrassed? Not *anything* else that's happened, or any of the other noises you've made thus far?"

Antares honestly wasn't sure why *that* of all things had been the thing to get him shy all of a sudden. Well, shy was something he most definitely was not! He took his claw away from his mouth before answering, "I suppose that is a bit strange, isn't it? Well, sorry to disappoint, but I've no answer for your questions."

Zekrom chuckled. "I wasn't expecting answers, so you needn't worry about that." He paused before he murmured, "If *that* made you so flustered, you'd best be prepared to stay that way, since I suspect that'll be happening quite a bit *very soon…*"

Antares felt his entire body heat up as he processed what Zekrom had just said.

The god slid his cock out from between Antares' cocks, and moved so that it was now angled directly at his ass. Antares could practically *feel* the heat radiating off of it.

Zekrom made eye contact with Antares. "Are you ready?"

Antares internally calmed the very last of his nerves. There was absolutely nothing to be worried about. "Yes, I am."

Zekrom nodded, then moved his hips forward ever so slightly, and the tip of his cock slid into Antares.

Antares had to hold back a pained whimper— it *did* hurt a fair bit, but he wasn't about to ruin this by letting Zekrom know that. Plus, he supposed he would get used to it as it went deeper.

Zekrom made sure to ease his cock into Antares as gently as he possibly could; he had to constantly fight back the urge to plunge all of it in at once.

He slowly slid more of his cock in, until it was halfway in, and then kept going until his entire cock was buried inside Antares.

Antares could only tremble and moan as Zekrom's cock penetrated *deep* within him. His rear reflexively clenched around the cock, although that just made it slightly uncomfortable, since it was already a tight enough fit as it was.

Zekrom patiently waited for Antares to adjust to his cock before he dared to move another inch.

The Garchomp eventually relaxed, and his rear stopped squeezing Zekrom's cock.

Zekrom slowly pulled most of his cock out, leaving only the tip in, before sliding back in. He set himself at this slow, gentle pace, not wanting to push his luck and risk harming or overwhelming Antares.

The god hesitated for only a moment before asking, "Is this alright? …It isn't too much, is it?"

Antares tried to scoff, but only succeeded in making a strangled noise before he could respond, "N-Not to worry, this is quite alright." He gulped before quietly continuing, "…As a matter of fact, I think I'd quite like it if you were to go a bit faster…"

Zekrom faltered for a split-second, not having expected *that* answer at all, before he nodded and sped up his thrusting. He grasped Antares' hips to help stabilize himself.

Embarrassingly high-pitched, whimpering moans kept spilling out of

Antares' mouth as Zekrom's cock plunged into him again and again. He was almost tempted to ask the god to speed up again, but he didn't want to seem *demanding* or anything—

The Garchomp made a noise almost like a squeak as Zekrom did indeed speed up again, and his thrusts became more forceful, his hips now *pounding* against Antares' rear.

Zekrom nearly lost himself in the sensation of his cock ramming into Antares repeatedly. He'd decided to speed up of his own volition that time, but now he was thinking perhaps he should've asked first. …Well, he supposed it didn't matter too much; Antares was *clearly* enjoying this very much, as was Zekrom, of course.

As he listened to the various whimpering, moaning noises Antares made, Zekrom could feel himself starting to get close to… well, *finishing* . That simply wouldn't do. He mustered all of his willpower — which there was a staggering amount of— into delaying his own climax for as long as he could. Occasional rumbling groans wrenched themselves out of the god's throat as he continued to pound into Antares.

Likewise, Antares was paying little attention to whatever noises he was making, instead focusing his hearing on the deep groans coming from Zekrom. That, combined with the fact that his ass was getting destroyed— in the best way possible— by Zekrom's cock, sent wave after wave of pleasure through Antares' body. For the third time, Antares felt his stomach tightening into a knot as he rapidly approached yet another… well, he didn't even know the word for it, whatever it was that made his own cocks produce that strange fluid.

It should have been no surprise, then, that Antares very quickly reached his third and final climax, letting out a loud keening moan as his cocks spurted out fluid. He trembled uncontrollably afterwards, and simply lay panting heavily.

Zekrom knew it was time now. He tightened his grip on Antares' hips and, with a few more *deep, powerful* thrusts, he too reached his final climax, his cock ejecting fluid inside of Antares' ass. He pulled it out once it was done depositing the fluid, and quickly collapsed next to

Antares on the bed.

The two lay panting for some time afterwards, until Antares eventually broke the relative silence.

“…Zekrom?”

“Yes?”

Antares hesitated before speaking, “Was… Was that experience what you had hoped it would be?”

Zekrom chuckled. “What do *you* think? It exceeded my expectations in every possible way.”

Antares mentally chided himself for asking such a stupid question. “Well, in that case, I’m pleased that you enjoyed it.”

Zekrom hummed. “What about yourself, though? I… I know you only agreed to this because you were curious, but… did you enjoy it regardless?”

Antares blinked once, twice. “Oh, make no mistake, that was an exhilarating experience!” He paused before quietly adding, “…A-And it’s something I definitely wouldn’t object to doing again at some point.”

Zekrom smirked. “Is that so? Hmm, perhaps I’ll have to take you up on that. Not now, though, of course. Hah, right now I feel as though I could sleep for a millennia… and I presume you feel similarly?”

Antares chuckled. “Completely exhausted, yes. I—” His sentence was cut off when Zekrom reached over and pulled Antares closer to him, so that the top of Antares’ head rested just below Zekrom’s chin.

The god softly murmured, “If that’s the case, then I think we should get some rest now, hmm? Don’t you agree?”

Antares nodded. “Yes, I do agree.” He snuggled into the god’s warm embrace, before he quickly drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

Zekrom soon went to sleep as well, but not before he whispered something, not just for himself but for Antares, even though he knew his boyfriend was asleep and wouldn't hear it… that didn't matter.

"Thank you, Antares."